ANC

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO COMICS

10 CENTS

No. 1

From Riches To Rags

with

ABBOTT and COSTELLO

"IDIOT! Dope! Moron!" stormed Bud Abbott.

Lou Costello just smiled his big-baby smile. "I don't care *how* you flatter me," he said, "I'm *still* going into business!"

Abbott groaned. "Ooooh, murder! What're you using for brains?"

"Brains!" Costello replied brightly. "Just wait till I'm the Bubble Gum Baron. You'll be sorry you tried to discourage me."

"The *what?*" Abbott could scarcely believe his ears.

"The Bubble Gum Baron. Ya see, I just bought up five hundred dollars' worth of bubble gum. That's a lotta gum, Abbott. An' I'm gonna *sell* all of it!"

"What makes you so sure?" Abbott asked suspiciously.

"I'm only chargin' five cents a slice, that's what!"

"Well, what's so wonderful about that!"

"Gosh, Abbott you must be stupid!" Here Costello looked pityingly at his partner. "Don'tcha get it? I myself paid six cents a slice. It's a bargain. The kids'll buy, buy, buy!"

"And you can say 'bye-bye' to your money, flattop! Don't you realize that you're paying *more* than your customers? Every single slice of bubble gum costs *you*, personally, a penny!"

Costello looked sadly at Abbott, shook his head and clucked. "Gee, you don't get it," he said finally. "It's the quantity, Abbott the *turnover!* What I lose on each slice, I make up buy selling *a lot*!"

Abbott stood up, looked coldly at Costello and said, "You'll lose your shirt!"

Two days later, in the office of Costello Enterprises, the little, chubby businessman sat at his desk and moaned, "You were right! I did lose my shirt! I still can't understand it! Such a bargain, such a...."

Abbott was triumphant. "Ah!" he chortled. "Maybe this will teach you a lesson! I warned you Costello, that your harebrained schemes would lead to ruin and disaster!"

"Yeah," sighed Costello. "That's why I decided on *a sure thing* this time!"

"Uh-oh!" Abbott shuddered. "Here we go again! Look, Costello, how many times must I . . ."

"You can't stop the spirit of enterprise!" exclaimed Costello, pounding his desk. "I am now in . . . the post office business!"

Abbott did a fast double take. "Give me that again!" he demanded.

"Sure," Costello exclaimed agreeably. "I figured out, all by myself, that the government is making plenty of cabbage by printing and selling stamps. So what did *I* do?"

"Don't tell me," wailed Abbott, covering his ears.

"I designed the new Costello stamp with a picture of me on it! I sell every stamp

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS

BUD ABBOTT LOU COSTELLO
MARJORIE MAIN
in
"THE WISTFUL WIDOW OF WAGON GAP"
with
George Cleveland William Ching

Screenplay by
ROBERT LEES FREDERIC I. RINALDO
and JOHN GRANT

Based on a Story by
D. D. Beauchamp and William Bowers

Directed by CHARLES T. BARTON

Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

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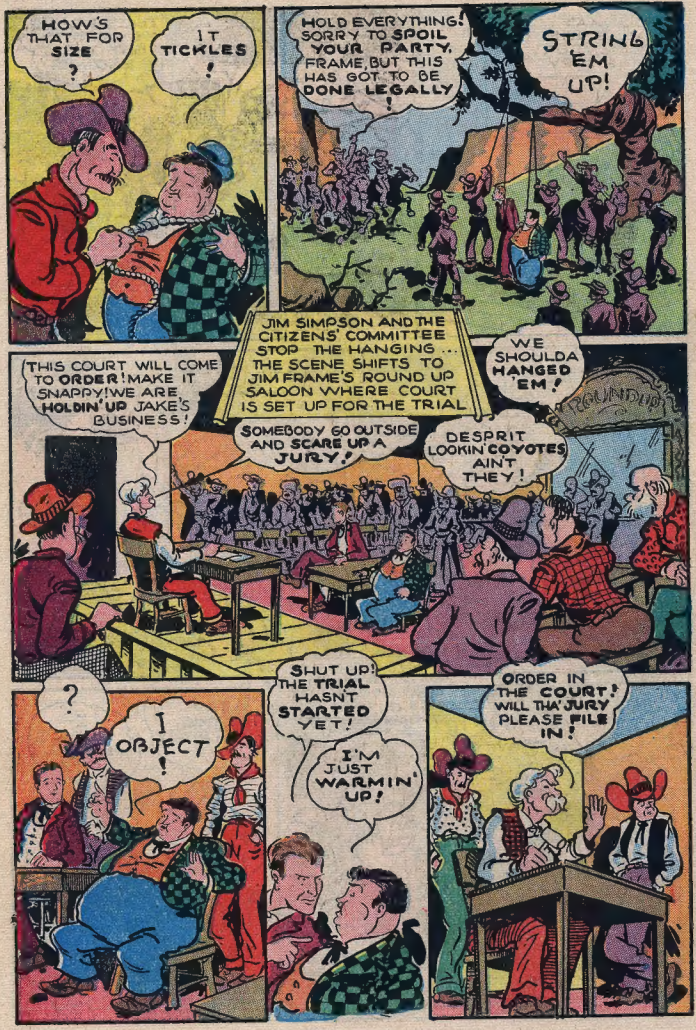
THE WISTFUL WIDOW of WAGON GAP
A RIP ROARIN' STORY IN 4 BIG ROOTIN', TOOTIN', SHOOTIN' PARTS!
INTRODUCTION
LET'S GO! HOLD YOUR HATS!
A STAGE COACH WITH TWO PASSENGERS JOLTS OVER A RUTTED MOUNTAIN ROAD TOWARD THE TOWN of WAGON GAP... A BANG, BANG BURG WHERE BULLETS ARE PLENTY, NECKIN' IS DONE WITH A ROPE AND THE LIMB of A TREE... AND RATTLE-SNAKES, HORNED TOADS AND SCORPIONS ARE SCARCE BECAUSE KIDS CHAW THEM FOR GUM!
THEY MUST BE FIXIN' THE PAVEMENT OUT HERE, OR SUMTHIN'!
SLIDE!
SCRUNCH!
WHOA! ALL OUT FOR WAGON GAP!
THA TOWN IS TOO TOUGH! THIS IS AS CLOSE AS WE GO
WE ARE SKEERED OF THE PLACE!
YOU HEARD THE MAN. THIS IS THE END of THE LINE! GET OFF!
BUT IT IS STILL THREE MILES TO WAGON GAP!
TO WAGON GAP 3 MI.

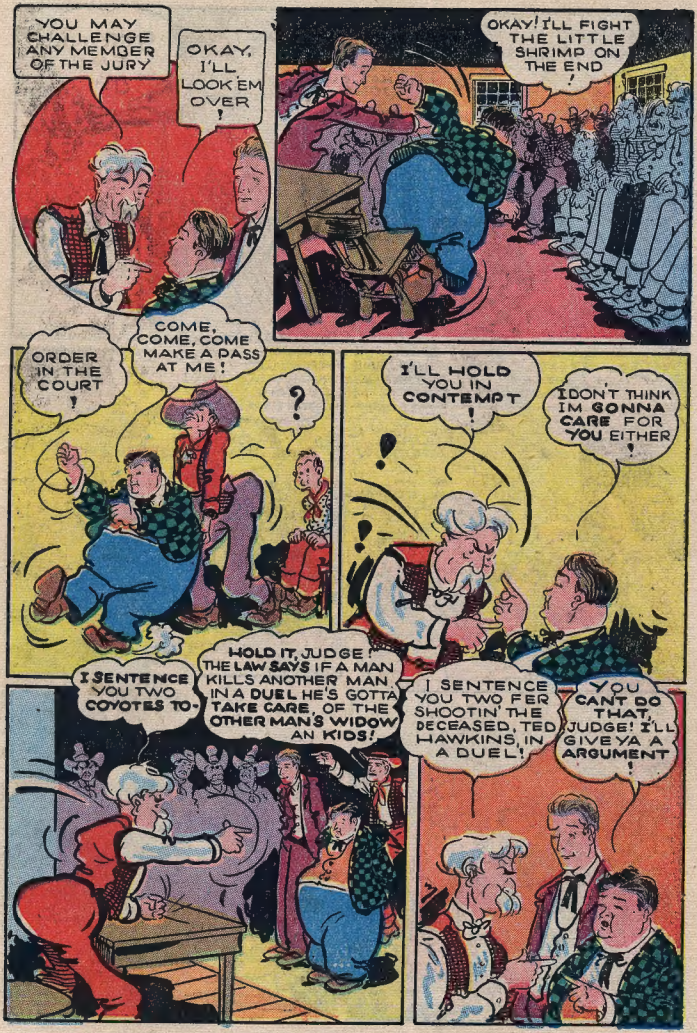
COUPLE OF TRAVELIN' DRUMMERS ?
ABSOLUTELY NOT WE ARE SUPER SALESMEN SIR !
ODDLES OF MONEY IN THAT TOWN...YOU CAN SELL ANYTHING !
GANGWAY !
LEY'S GO !
..IF YOU LIVE!
?
MAYBE YOU HAVE A COUPLE OF GUNS YOU CAN SELL US?
FOR 50 BUCKS I'LL SELL YOU A COUPLE OF COLTS.
WE'LL TAKE 'EM!..I'D RATHER RIDE THAN SHOOT, ANYWAY!!
?
MUSTA HEARD WE ARE COMIN'..LOOK AT THA CELEBRATION...GOSH! AIN'T WE THE LUCKY ONES!
BANG!
BANG!
WHOOSH
BANG!
SAYS COSTELLO: "WATCH ME SELL 'EM! SUPER SALESMAN COSTELLO THAT'S ME!
"WE'LL SHOW 'EM WHAT HIGH POWER SELLIN' IS!"
"WAGON GAP FOLKS, HAVE YOUR MONEY READY!" "DON'T PUSH! THERE'S NO LIMIT TO A CUSTOMER!"

GATHER ROUND GOOD PEOPLE I HAVE IN MY HAND A SMALL OBJECT!
HURRY HURRY HURRY!
BANG
BANG
BANG
YIPPEE!
THE RED DOG
THEY ENTER THE WAGON GAP STREET SCENE
BANG!
DON'T PUSH, GOOD PEOPLE THERE'LL BE PLENTY GOODS FOR ALL!
BANG!
GOTTA HIGH-POWER THEM! GENTLEMEN, YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE!
YIPPEE!
AIN'T IT THE TOWN! CUSTOMERS GRAB GOODS RIGHT OUT'A YER HANDS!
BUT WHERE'S THE MONEY?
HEY MISTER! THE MONEY! THE MONEY!

GET THE GUNS OUT! WE GOTTA START TO SHOOTN' LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE!
THAT AIN'T FAIR YOUR'E GIVIN' ME THE SHORT ONE!
STAND CLOSER TO WHATEVER YOUR'E SHOOTIN' AT
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK
OOMP
HUH?
YA SURE PLUGGED HIM, STRANGER
LOOK, MUS' BE RAININ' DEAD MEN!
FRED HAWKINS! CAN'T THINK OF AN ORNERY SKUNK WHO'LL BE MISSED LESS! JAKE FRAME WAS HANKERIN' TO GET RID OF HIM!
ME? THIS GUN WASN'T LOADED!
THEN IT WAS ALL THE SLICKER PIECE OF SHOOTIN', STRANGER

JAKE FRAME WILL SET UP FREE DRINKS FOR SAVIN' HIM THE TROUBLE!
JAKE FRAME OWNER OF ROUND-UP TAVERN BOSS OF TOWN GANGSTERS...
HEY!
THAT'S FRAME. HE WANTS TO BUY THE DRINKS!
A COUPLE OF STRANGERS RIDE IN AN' SHOOT DOWN A BELOVED CITIZEN IN COLD BLOOD!
IT'S GITTIN' SO WAGON GAP AIN'T SAFE... ...THIS CALLS FOR A ROPE!
IS THIS THE GUY WHO'S GONNA BUY US A DRINK?
THE SCENE SHIFTS TO A SPOT UNDER A TREE JUST OUTSIDE TOWN...
IS THAT HARD TO DO?
OH, YOU'LL SOON GET THE HANG OF IT!
TRY THIS FOR SIZE!
I WEAR SIZE 16½!

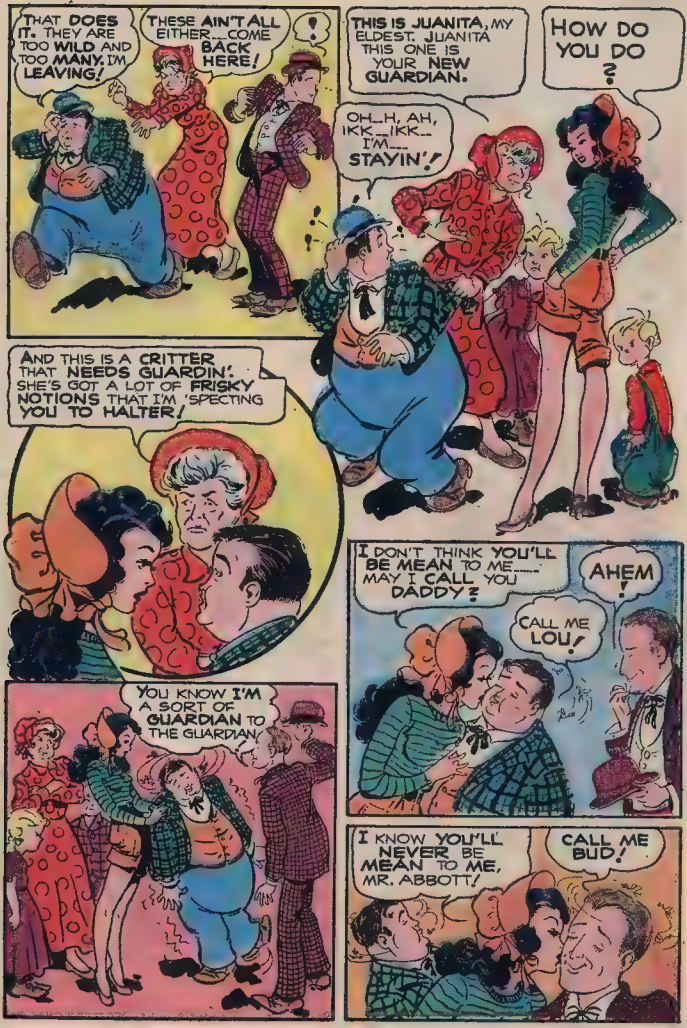

HOW'S THAT FOR SIZE ?
IT TICKLES !
HOLD EVERYTHING! SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR PARTY, FRAME, BUT THIS HAS GOT TO BE DONE LEGALLY !
STRING 'EM UP!
JIM SIMPSON AND THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE STOP THE HANGING... THE SCENE SHIFTS TO JIM FRAME'S ROUND UP SALOON WHERE COURT IS SET UP FOR THE TRIAL
WE SHOULDA HANGED 'EM!
THIS COURT WILL COME TO ORDER! MAKE IT SNAPPY! WE ARE HOLDIN' UP JAKE'S BUSINESS!
SOMEBODY GO OUTSIDE AND SCARE UP A JURY!
DESPRIT LOOKIN' COYOTES AIN'T THEY!
?
I OBJECT !
SHUT UP! THE TRIAL HASN'T STARTED YET!
I'M JUST WARMIN' UP!
ORDER IN THE COURT! WILL THA' JURY PLEASE FILE IN!


YOU MAY CHALLENGE ANY MEMBER OF THE JURY
OKAY, I'LL LOOK 'EM OVER !
OKAY! I'LL FIGHT THE LITTLE SHRIMP ON THE END !
ORDER IN THE COURT !
COME, COME, COME MAKE A PASS AT ME !
?
I'LL HOLD YOU IN CONTEMPT !
!
!
I DON'T THINK I'M GONNA CARE FOR YOU EITHER !
I SENTENCE YOU TWO COYOTES TO-
HOLD IT, JUDGE! THE LAW SAYS IF A MAN KILLS ANOTHER MAN IN A DUEL HE'S GOTTA TAKE CARE OF THE OTHER MAN'S WIDOW AN KIDS!
I SENTENCE YOU TWO FER SHOOTIN' THE DECEASED, TED HAWKINS, IN A DUEL!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT, JUDGE! I'LL GIVE YA A ARGUMENT !

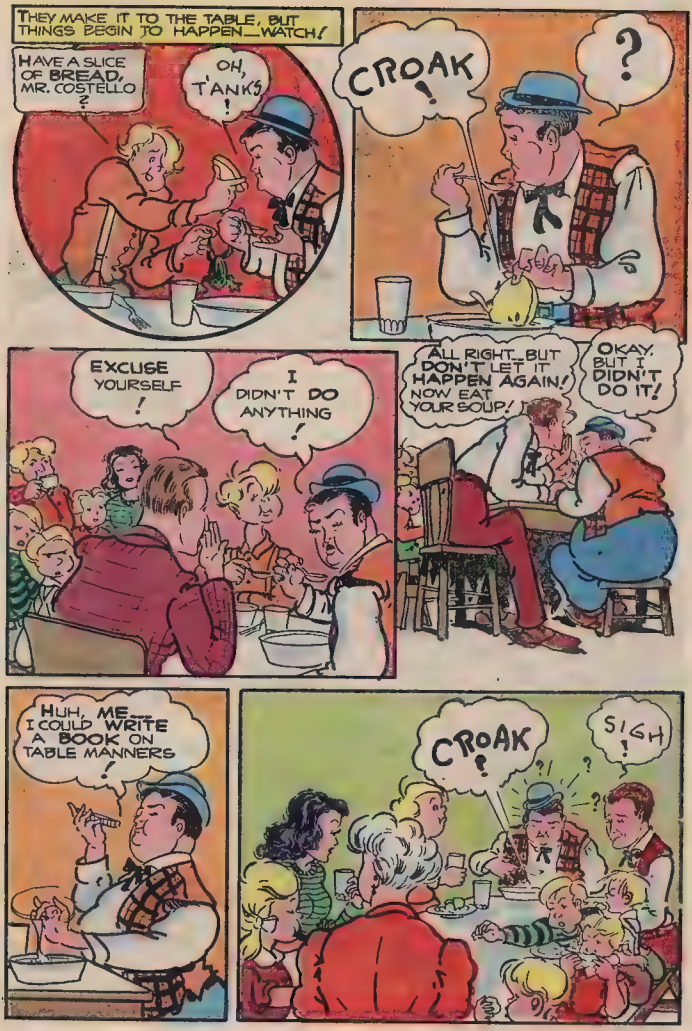
The WISTFUL WIDOW of WAGON GAP
I DON'T SEE ANY CORN !
THIS IS THE WIDDER'S RANCH !
PART 2
SENTENCED TO TAKE CARE OF WIDOW HAWKINS AND HER KIDS, THE JUDGE TAKES THEM FOR A RIDE TO THE WIDOW'S RANCH!
HOWDY, MRS. HAWKINS. THIS IS THEM!
THE CULPRITS HUH?
WIDDER HAWKINS DON'T GROW CORN!
THEN WHAT'S THAT SCARE-CROW DOIN' IN THE FRONT YARD ?
WHO YOU CALLIN' A SCARECROW YA ADDLE BRAINED GALOOT?
GENTS MEET THA WIDDER HAWKINS!
PLEASED TO MEETCHA !
HOWDY !

JUDGE, ARE YA SURE THIS IS THA LADY THAT NEEDS TO BE TOOK CARE OF?
THAT'S HER...THE WIDDER HAWKINS!
GIT THEM STORE DUDS OFF AND GIT INTO SOME WORK CLOTHES AN' BEGIN TO TAKE CARE OF US!
WHO DO YA MEAN, US?
MEANIN' ME AN' THEM..... MEET YER NEW GUARDIAN KIDS!
MAM, ITH HIM OUR NEW PAP? WHERE'D YA KETCHUM AT, HUH·H·H, MAM?
HEAD 'EM OFF, ROVER!
LET'S GO ABBOTT!
WHAT'S GOT HOLT OF ME?
THIS FENCE CONFUSES ME!
NO GETAWAY!
THE RANCH POOCH THROWS A COAT TAIL TACKLE ON COSTELLO...ABBOTT ALL TANGLED WITH RAIL FENCE

SEE HERE! IF YOU WANNA BITE OF MEAT ASK FOR IT
HOW'D I DIVE OVER THAT FENCE AND LOOP BACK IN?
WOLF, THE RANCH POOCH, KNOWS TH' HERDING GAME...
I LEAVE TH' CRITTERS IN YOUR POSSESSION MRS HAWKINS
OKAY JUDGE, I'LL HANDLE THEM!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITIN' FOR? GET INTO SOME WORKIN' DUDS AND BEGIN!
THEY DON'T LOOK VERY TAME. MAYBE I'VE GOTTA WORK ON 'EM A LITTLE. DO THEY SCARE EASY?
BOO!
OOPS! DON'T RILE 'EM, MISTER! DON'T DO THAT!
RR-RR-!


THAT DOES IT. THEY ARE TOO WILD AND TOO MANY. I'M LEAVING!
THESE AIN'T ALL EITHER—COME BACK HERE!
!
THIS IS JUANITA, MY ELDEST. JUANITA THIS ONE IS YOUR NEW GUARDIAN.
HOW DO YOU DO ?
OH—H, AH, IKK—IKK— I'M— STAYIN'!
AND THIS IS A CRITTER THAT NEEDS GUARDIN'. SHE'S GOT A LOT OF FRISKY NOTIONS THAT I'M 'SPECTING YOU TO HALTER!
I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE MEAN TO ME— MAY I CALL YOU DADDY?
AHEM!
CALL ME LOU!
YOU KNOW I'M A SORT OF GUARDIAN TO THE GUARDIAN
I KNOW YOU'LL NEVER BE MEAN TO ME, MR. ABBOTT!
CALL ME BUD!

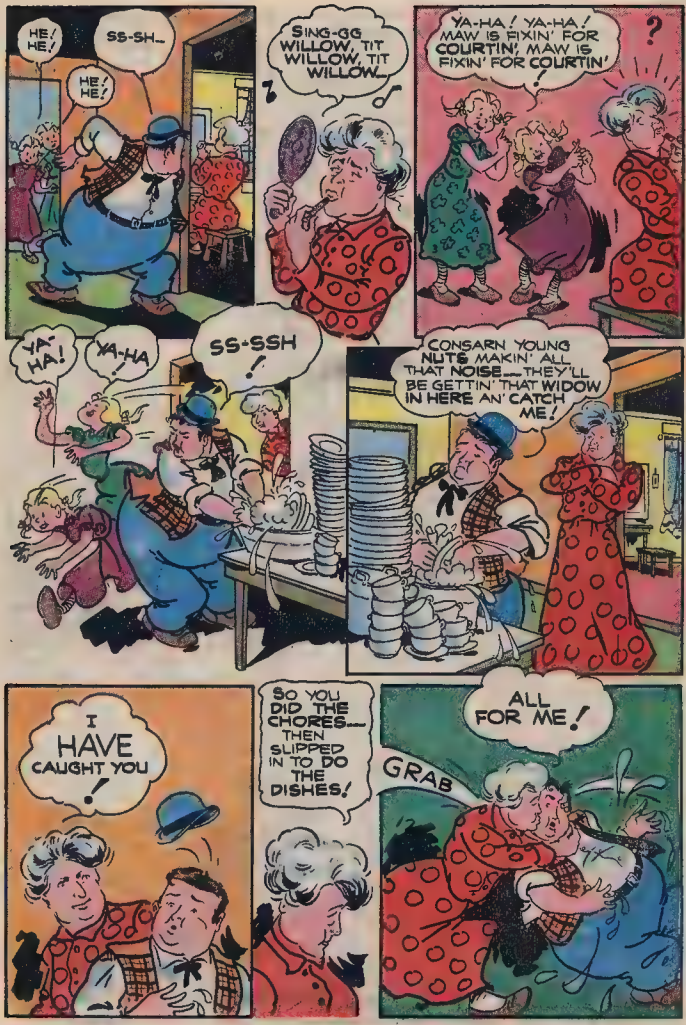
JUANITA, GET IN THE HOUSE AND RUSTLE UP SOME GRUB...THESE FELLAS CAN GO 'ROUND TO THE PUMP AND WASH UP!
HERD 'EM AROUND TO THE PUMP, WOLF... WATCH 'EM!
WHATTA GAL!
WHEN A WOMAN GETS TO BE MY AGE THE ONLY WAY TO BE SURE OF A MAN IS TO MARRY HIM!
GO GETTUM MAW!
THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH HIS STOMACH.... LET'S TASTE THIS SOUP!
GOSH! IT SMELLS GOOD! LET'S GET A BIG START WHEN THE CALL COMES!
SNIFF
COME AND GET IT!
GIMME ROOM!


THEY MAKE IT TO THE TABLE, BUT THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN—WATCH!
HAVE A SLICE OF BREAD, MR. COSTELLO?
OH, T'ANKS!
CROAK!
?
EXCUSE YOURSELF!
I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!
ALL RIGHT—BUT DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN! NOW EAT YOUR SOUP!
OKAY, BUT I DIDN'T DO IT!
HUH, ME—I COULD WRITE A BOOK ON TABLE MANNERS!
CROAK!
SIGH!

I GOT IT—I GOT IT!!!
STOP SPLASHIN'!
I SEEN IT—I SEEN IT—IT POPPED UP AN' DOWN—THIS BIG!
SEE, THERE IS NOTHING IN THE SOUP BUT SOUP—THERE IS NO FROG!
NO FROG, HUH, MAW?
IT SURE LOOKED LIKE A FROG—BUT I'M GLAD THERE AIN'T ONE!
EAT YOUR SOUP!
CROAK!
?
IKK—IKK—FFT—FFT—UKK—UKK—ABBOTT!
AND THEN!!
FSS-SS-ST!

THEN MR. FROG DECIDED TO LEAVE..
FROG!
FROG!
FROG!
I GOT IT!
GIMME!
NOW YOU CAN DO THE CHORES, MR. COSTELLO.
DO THE CHORES? OH, SURE! IS IT ANYTHING LIKE THE RHUMBA?
CHOP TH' WOOD CUT THE GRASS SWILL TH' HAWGS, GRUB THE FENCE CORNERS, DO THE HORSE'S CHAMBER WORK, MILK THE COWS!
YO HO, YO HO, AS OFF TO WORK WE GO.... HM-MM....
TWEET-TWEET!
WHAT IS THIS PANICKY EMERGENCY? IS THERE A FIRE? THE FOLLOWING PART 3, MAY TELL....

THE WISTFUL WIDOW of WAGON GAP
PART 3
OH HELLO GUARDIAN DEAR. NOW ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE! I WAS JUST LYING HERE THINKING ABOUT YOU!
OL' FORGETFUL ME! HERE YOU ARE ALL ALONE AN' ME NOT GUARDIN' YOU!
I GUESS I'M A LAZY BONES LIKE YOU!
A-W-W, YOU AIN'T A LAZY BONES, NEITHER!
SS-SS-SH! KNEEL DOWN... WHISPER... CAN YOU KEEP A SEE-CRET?
ME? I'M A REGULAR SECRET KEEPER
AHA! SO THIS IS WHY HE WAS RUNNING!
SS-SS-SH! COME CLOSER SS-SSSH!
YEH CLOSER SS-SSSH
SS-SSS-SSH, I DIDN'T WASH THE DISHES. WILL YOU WASH THEM FOR ITTY ME?
?
SS-SH!


HE! HE!
SS-SH_
HE! HE!
SING-GG WILLOW, TIT WILLOW, TIT WILLOW_
YA-HA! YA-HA! MAW IS FIXIN' FOR COURTIN', MAW IS FIXIN' FOR COURTIN'
?
YA-HA!
YA-HA
SS-SSH!
CONSARN YOUNG NUTS MAKIN' ALL THAT NOISE__THEY'LL BE GETTIN' THAT WIDOW IN HERE AN' CATCH ME!
I HAVE CAUGHT YOU!
SO YOU DID THE CHORES__ THEN SLIPPED IN TO DO THE DISHES!
GRAB
ALL FOR ME!

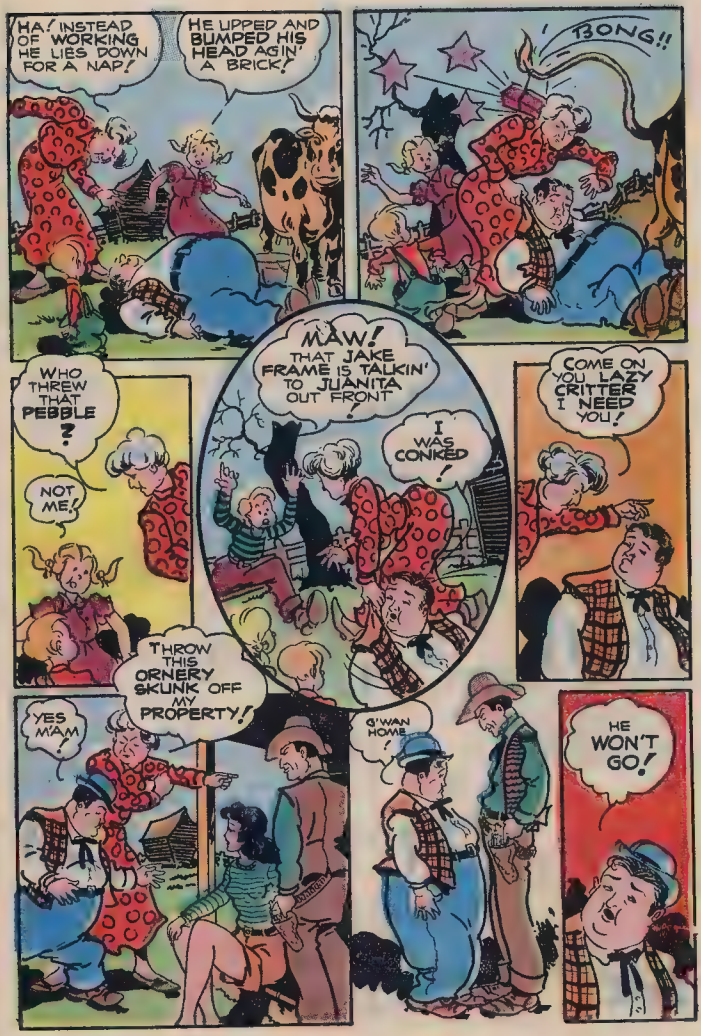
WHY ARE YOU ALL SET TO RUN?
THA WIDOW WANTS TO MARRY ME!
AREN'T YOU A SALESMAN? SELL HER THE IDEA YOU ARE UNFIT!
OKAY I'LL GIVE HER THA OLD HIGH-POWER ROUTINE!
WIDOW HAWKINS I'D LIKE TO MARRY YOU...BUT (SIGH)... I'VE GOT A LOT OF DRAWBACKS!
ON ACCOUNT OF MY DIET, I'VE GOT TO HAVE FRIED CAT MEAT EVERY MORNING FOR MY BREAKFAST!
AW, DON'T WORRY...WE GOT LOTS OF CATS!
I WALK IN MY SLEEP AND I GO 'ROUND BITING KIDS AN' WIDOWS AND SUCH!
OH, THAT WOULD BE SO CUTE! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!
MY FEET AIN'T MATES AND THEY CAN'T BE FIXED!
MAW'S GOT 'IM
OH, I'M SO-O-O USED TO THAT! MR HAWKINS HAD THE SAME TROUBLE!
NO SALE!
I HAVE ANOTHER IDEA!

TAKE HER DOWN AND THROW HER IN THE CREEK!
SOLD!
HOLD HER HANDS AND WHISPER SWEET NOTHINGS IN HER EAR!
WHO ME?
BUT I DON'T KNOW NO SWEET NOTHINGS!
NEVER MIND! I'LL WRITE YOU SOME!
THEN... SPLASH! AND WE ARE ON OUR WAY TO CALIFORNIA!
THAT SOUNDS OKAY!
AH...WIDOW HAWKINS... ER... AH... HOW WOULD YA LIKE TO STROLL IN TH' MOON LIGHT?
!
OH-H, WONDERFUL!
GRAB!
WHAT! SO QUICK?
NO! TONIGHT!

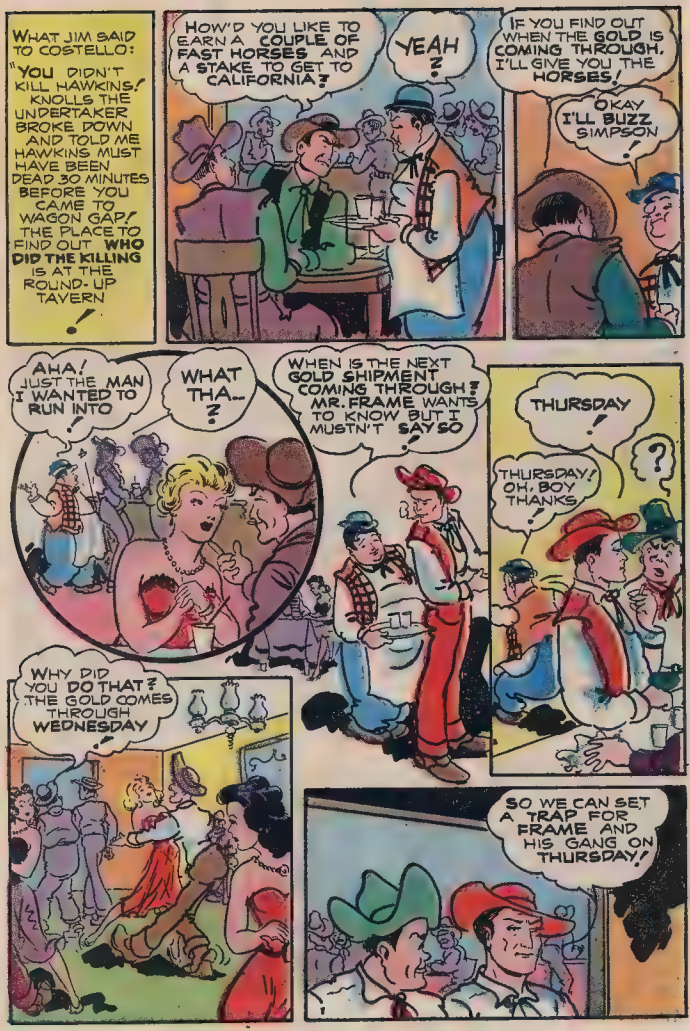
THIS WAS ABBOTT'S IDEA!
HASN'T HE THE ROMANTIC THOUGHTS?
WELL, YES AND NO!
CAN YOU SWIM, MRS. HAWKINS?
NO, I'VE NEVER BEEN IN WATER
VERY GOOD! VERY GOOD!
IN THIS SOFT LIGHT OF THE ROMANTIC SPELL OF THE MOON, MY HEART PUTT PUTTS WITH PINK ANTICIPATION!
TITTER!
WIDOW HAWKINS I'VE GOT SOME SWEET NOTHINGS TO TELL YOU!
YES-SS, YES-SS
AW-W, I BET YOU TELL THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS!
SLAP
OH, YOU'RE BACK FROM THE MOONLIGHT STROLL? HOW'D MY IDEA WORK OUT?
ALL WET!

NEXT MORNING! IS THIS A CHANCE TO GO GALLOPING AWAY?
GO OUT AND SHOE OLD BETSY. I WANT TO DRIVE TO TOWN!
WHATTA BREAK!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN... BREAK?
BUT THE HORSE NEEDS SHOES!
I'LL SHOE IT QUICK AND AWAY WE GO!
WHEN WE GET HOLD OF THAT HORSE WE HOP ON TO IT AND GALLOP AWAY FROM HERE!
LET US PAUSE TO SAY GOODBYE TO THE OLD RANCH!
YES AFTER ALL IT HAS JUANITA!
I COULDN'T FIND HER SHOES I HAD TO LEND HER MINE! OKAY HOP ON, QUICK!
5 MINUTES LATER....
AWK!
GET OFF THAT MARE!

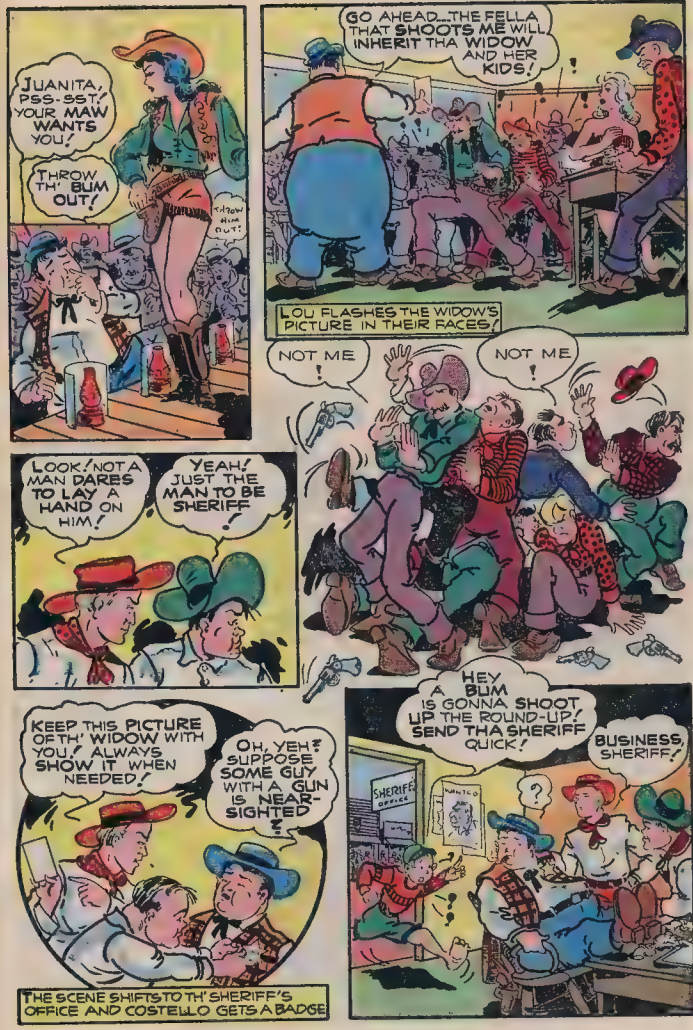
SETTIN' AGAIN! JUST SETTIN'! GIT UP AND MILK THE COW!
ALL SET AND STILL SETTIN'! NOW WILL THE CROWD PLEASE STAND BACK!
HAH, NOW TO TURN IT ON. LET'S SEE... WHERE IS THE... HM-MM?
SWISH!
TRY THIS, MISTER
OH-H, TIE THIS ON ITS TAIL AND WEIGHT IT DOWN. VERY S!MPLE
NOW LET'S GET ON WITH IT, WITHOUT FURTHER INTERRUPTION! I STILL HAVEN'T LOCATED THE WHAT-YA-MAY CALL IT?
BONG


HA! INSTEAD OF WORKING HE LIES DOWN FOR A NAP!
HE UPPED AND BUMPED HIS HEAD AGIN' A BRICK!
BONG!!
WHO THREW THAT PEBBLE?
NOT ME!
MAW! THAT JAKE FRAME IS TALKIN' TO JUANITA OUT FRONT!
I WAS CONKED!
COME ON YOU LAZY CRITTER I NEED YOU!
THROW THIS ORNERY SKUNK OFF MY PROPERTY!
YES M'AM!
G'WAN HOME!
HE WON'T GO!

I WAS ABOUT TO THROW HIM OFF MYSELF, MRS. HAWKINS!
JUST TRY IT!
THIS IS A FAMILY MATTER, JIM SIMPSON. IT'S MR. COSTELLO'S JOB!
JAKE ONLY CAME HERE TO GET MY ANSWER ABOUT SINGING IN THE ROUND-UP TAVERN!
YOUR LATE HUSBAND OWED ME $1,100!
AND I THINK JAKE IS GENEROUS TO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PAY OFF THE FAMILY DEBT!
YOUNG LADY, AS YOUR GUARDIAN, I FORBID YOU TO SET FOOT IN THAT TAVERN!
THERE IS A REASON FOR MY WANTING YOU TO WORK IN THE ROUND-UP!
BUT I WORK HERE ALREADY!
SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY—HM—WORKING IN A TAVERN MIGHT BE A GOOD EXPERIENCE FOR A GIRL!
THEN IT IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO GO TO WORK FOR FRAME AND WORK OFF THE DEBT!
WHAT IS JIM'S REASON?—LET US LISTEN—

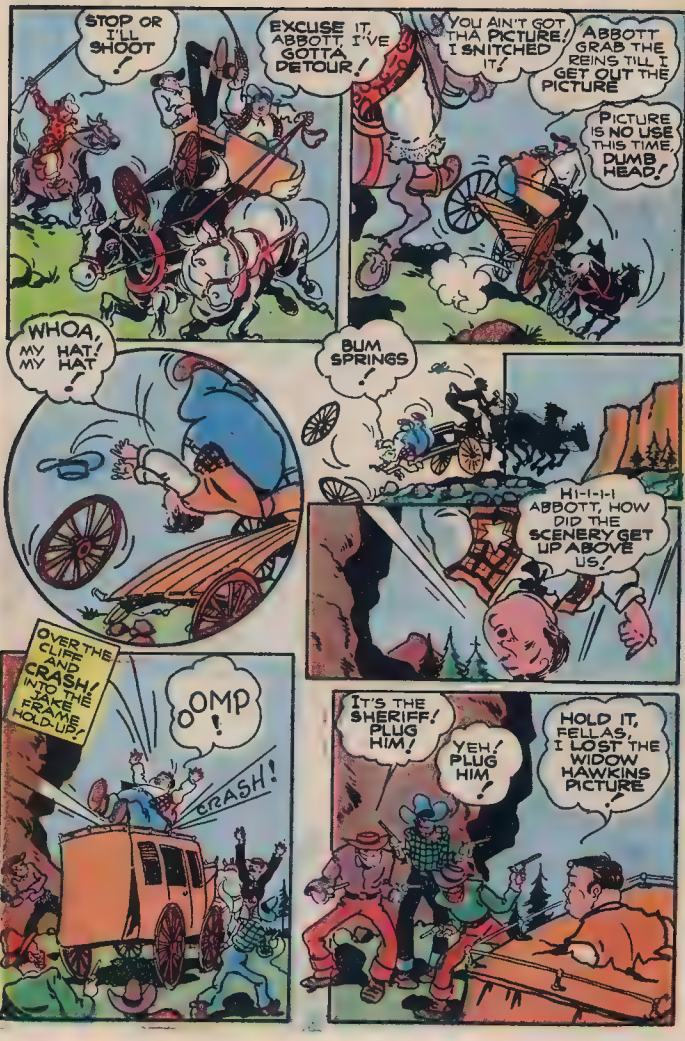

WHAT JIM SAID TO COSTELLO:
"YOU DIDN'T KILL HAWKINS! KNOLLS THE UNDERTAKER BROKE DOWN AND TOLD ME HAWKINS MUST HAVE BEEN DEAD 30 MINUTES BEFORE YOU CAME TO WAGON GAP! THE PLACE TO FIND OUT WHO DID THE KILLING IS AT THE ROUND-UP TAVERN!
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO EARN A COUPLE OF FAST HORSES AND A STAKE TO GET TO CALIFORNIA?
YEAH?
IF YOU FIND OUT WHEN THE GOLD IS COMING THROUGH, I'LL GIVE YOU THE HORSES!
OKAY I'LL BUZZ SIMPSON!
AHA! JUST THE MAN I WANTED TO RUN INTO!
WHAT THA...?
WHEN IS THE NEXT GOLD SHIPMENT COMING THROUGH? MR. FRAME WANTS TO KNOW BUT I MUSTN'T SAY SO!
THURSDAY!
THURSDAY? OH, BOY THANKS!
WHY DID YOU DO THAT? THE GOLD COMES THROUGH WEDNESDAY!
SO WE CAN SET A TRAP FOR FRAME AND HIS GANG ON THURSDAY!

THURSDAY!
GOOD!
HE SAYS THE GOLD IS COMING THROUGH WEDNESDAY!
WHERE'S THE HORSES?
THEY'LL BE IN THE BARN WEDNESDAY, AFTER I CHECK UP ON YOUR INFORMATION!
NOW I AM IN TROUBLE! I GAVE HIM THE WRONG DAY!
MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO THE WIDOW
OH-H, I WAS JUST COMING HOME!
OH, YEAH—I'M AFTER JUANITA! SHE AIN'T AT HOME!
HA!
THAT'S HER VOICE SHE'S IN THERE!
JUANITA!
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
GO UP THERE AND DRAG HER OFF THE STAGE!
ME?

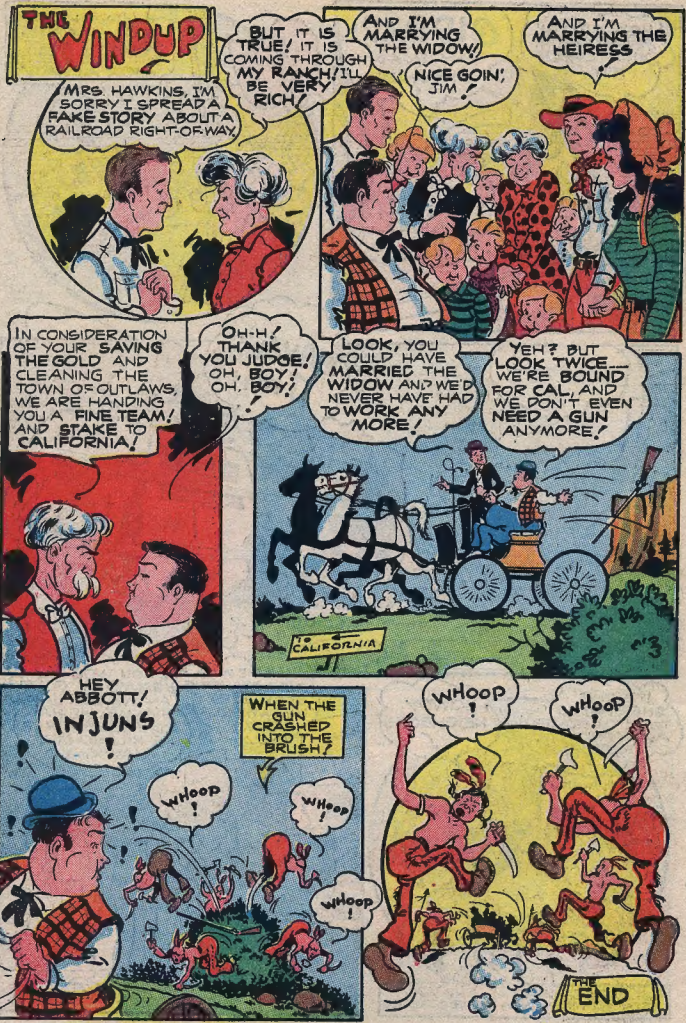

JUANITA, PSS-SST! YOUR MAW WANTS YOU!
THROW TH' BUM OUT!
GO AHEAD....THE FELLA THAT SHOOTS ME WILL INHERIT THA WIDOW AND HER KIDS!
LOU FLASHES THE WIDOW'S PICTURE IN THEIR FACES!
NOT ME!
NOT ME!
LOOK! NOT A MAN DARES TO LAY A HAND ON HIM!
YEAH! JUST THE MAN TO BE SHERIFF!
HEY A BUM IS GONNA SHOOT UP THE ROUND-UP! SEND THA SHERIFF QUICK!
BUSINESS, SHERIFF!
SHERIFF OFFICE
WANTED
KEEP THIS PICTURE OF TH' WIDOW WITH YOU! ALWAYS SHOW IT WHEN NEEDED!
OH, YEH! SUPPOSE SOME GUY WITH A GUN IS NEAR-SIGHTED!
THE SCENE SHIFTS TO TH' SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND COSTELLO GETS A BADGE

HI-YA BIG BOY LAY THEM PISTOLS DOWN--- MAKE IT SNAPPY--- YOU ARE GOOFY
IT'S THA NEW SHERIFF! EXCUSE ME BARTENDER WHILE I PLUG THIS CURIOUS GALOOT!
I AIN'T THAT GOOFY!
I'M THROUGH ARGUIN--- IF ANOTHER MAN AS MUCH AS LOOKS AT YOU I'LL KILL HIM!
YEH KILL HIM!
HUH?
OH-H-H
HI YA, TOOTS!
MM-MM, USS-SSK!
EE-EE-AW
WHATCHA DOIN SATURDAY NIGHT TOOTS?
OH, HOWDY SHERIFF, HAVE ANOTHER! IT'S ON ME!

SS-SSH! I'VE FIXED IT SO WE CAN GET AWAY!
HOW?
THE FIX- ABBOTT HAS SPREAD A FAKE STORY THAT THE RAILROAD RIGHT-OF-WAY WILL GO THROUGH THE WIDOW'S RANCH MAKING HER VERY RICH. THE JUDGE, FRAME, AND EVERY OTHER MAN IN TOWN WILL WANT TO MARRY HER!
LOOK! FRAME AND HIS GANG RIDIN' OUT! SAY, JIM, WHAT DAY IS THIS?
WEDNESDAY!
HOSS CAFE
THIS WILL KILL YOU— I GAVE FRAME THE WRONG DAY!
BUT THE SHIPMENT OF GOLD IS COMING THROUGH TODAY! GET OUT THERE AND STOP THE ROBBERY!
JAKE FRAME AND HIS GANG GALLOP BY...
WIDOW HAWKINS THE SHERIFF HAS GOTTA HAVE THE BUCKBOARD! HE'S GOT CROOKS TO CHASE
WHY DID YOU DRAG ME INTO IT— YOU'LL GET ME ALL SHOT UP!
WE AIN'T AFTER CROOKS! WE'RE HEADED FOR CALIFORNIA!
CALIFORNIA
HALT!
I THOUGHT YOU GALOOTS WOULD TRY A GET-AWAY! I HEADED YOU OFF!
OOPS! IT'S THE WIDOW!


STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!
EXCUSE IT, ABBOTT, I'VE GOTTA DETOUR!
YOU AIN'T GOT THA PICTURE! I SNITCHED IT!
ABBOTT GRAB THE REINS TILL I GET OUT THE PICTURE
PICTURE IS NO USE THIS TIME, DUMB HEAD!
WHOA, MY HAT! MY HAT!
BUM SPRINGS!
HI-I-I-I ABBOTT, HOW DID THE SCENERY GET UP ABOVE US!
OVER THE CLIFF AND CRASH! INTO THE FAKE HOLD-UP!
OOMP!
CRASH!
IT'S THE SHERIFF! PLUG HIM!
YEH! PLUG HIM!
HOLD IT, FELLAS, I LOST THE WIDOW HAWKINS PICTURE

HE'S GETTIN' AWAY! MOUNT AND CATCH HIM!
GIDDAP! ANY ROAD! ANYWHERE!
HI-YA, HI-YA WIDOW HAWKINS SORRY I AIN'T GOT TIME TO STOP FOR A CHAT!
SCATTER!
GANGWAY, JIM!
COSTELLO DRIVES THROUGH THE CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE...
IT'S THE SHERIFF! HE TOOK TH' STAGE AWAY FROM TH' ROBBERS
HOWDY NEIGHBORS!
LIVERY
THE HORSES DASH ALL THE WAY BACK TO TOWN INTO THEIR STABLES
AW-W! I WAS JUST STARTING BACK TO GET HIM MYSELF JIM!
LOU YOU SAVED TH' GOLD AN' WE GOT JAKE FRAME. HE HAS CONFESSED THAT HE KILLED MR. HAWKINS!
THE RED RAG
GAZETTE
JOURNAL


THE WINDUP
MRS. HAWKINS, I'M SORRY I SPREAD A FAKE STORY ABOUT A RAILROAD RIGHT-OF-WAY.
BUT IT IS TRUE! IT IS COMING THROUGH MY RANCH! I'LL BE VERY RICH!
AND I'M MARRYING THE WIDOW!
NICE GOIN', JIM!
AND I'M MARRYING THE HEIRESS
IN CONSIDERATION OF YOUR SAVING THE GOLD AND CLEANING THE TOWN OF OUTLAWS, WE ARE HANDING YOU A FINE TEAM! AND STAKE TO CALIFORNIA!
OH-H! THANK YOU JUDGE! OH, BOY! OH, BOY!
LOOK, YOU COULD HAVE MARRIED THE WIDOW AND WE'D NEVER HAVE HAD TO WORK ANY MORE!
YEH? BUT LOOK TWICE— WE'RE BOUND FOR CAL, AND WE DON'T EVEN NEED A GUN ANYMORE!
CALIFORNIA
HEY ABBOTT! INJUNS!
WHEN THE GUN CRASHED INTO THE BRUSH?
WHOOP!
WHOOP!
WHOOP!
WHOOP!
WHOOP!
WHOOP!
THE END

for one cent, see? Then I deliver the letter myself, see? Then *I* make plenty of cabbage too, see?"

"Then you get arrested for breaking the postal laws, see?" Abbott shouted.

"Aah, what can they do to me? I'm a citizen! I'm a tax-payer! I'm a voter!"

A hard voice broke into Costello's impassioned speech. "Are you Lou Costello?" asked a muscular man with a tough expression.

"That's me," Costello answered.

"You're under arrest . .. federal of fense!" announced the detective.

Abbott waited for Costello outside the courthouse. When he saw the little round man leaving the building, he yelled, "Lou! What happened?"

Costello wiped a tear from his eye. "The judge said I was a ba-a-a-d boy!" he sniffed. "He fined me five hundred dollars!"

This was too much for Abbott's patience! "*Now* are you satisfied?" he demanded. "Now that you've lost all your money, have you learned your lesson?"

"I still have a hundred bucks left," Costello said. "An' while the judge was talkin' to me, I got a terrific idea! I'm gonna put water in bottles the size of glasses! Then, when somebody wants a glass of water . . ."

"No, no, no! I forbid it! I'm against it! I tell you . . ."

"You don't like it, huh? Too high-class, huh? Well, how about this? Who's richer than anyone else, Abbott? A millionaire, right? So, how's about a rest home for homeless millionaires? With my money, I could . . ."

"You could march to the bank and deposit it!" Abbott ordered firmly. "For the last time, Costello, I'm telling you. Save your money and forget business. You haven't got a head for it! In fact, you haven't got a head!"

Costello's feelings were hurt. He turned away and marched down the street, without a word to Abbott. To himself, however, he said plenty. "No head!" he repeated. "All the time, he discourages me! After all, I'm a man with vision, ambition, courage! Also, I still have one hundred bucks and *that* gives me an idea!"

Late that afternoon, a truck drew up outside the office of Costello Enterprises. "Lou Costello?" the truckman inquired.

"No, I'm Abbott, I'm happy to say. *He's* Costello!" Bud Abbott pointed scornfully at pudgy Lou.

"I'll unload the stuff right here," said the truckman.

In half an hour, the office was filled, almost to the ceiling, with thousands of strange-looking objects. Costello rubbed his hands together gleefully and chuckled, "They're mine! All mine!"

Abbott's voice was a mere whisper. "Okay, so they're yours," he rasped. "Now would you mind telling me what they are?"

"Who knows?" Costello shrugged. "The War Assets Administration was selling them cheap. Government surplus, see? So I figured that if Uncle Sam's selling, who am I not to buy. The stuff's good . . . whatever it is!"

"You figured!" To Abbott, this was the last straw. "I oughta have you committed. With your last hundred bucks, you buy up a roomful of useless junk that nobody . . ."

A timid knock sounded at the door. "Come in," thundered Abbott.

"Er . . . are you Lou Costello?" a small, thin man with a worried face entered the office and looked wistfully at Bud Abbott.

"For that insult, I could kill you!" Abbott shouted. "No, I'm not Lou Costello, *he* is! And whoever you are, get out! We haven't any more money and we're not buying anything . . . so beat it!"

"Oh, but I'm not *selling* anything!" the newcomer explained. "I'm here to offer Mr. Costello a quarter of a million dollars!"

"I'll take it!" Costello said quickly.

Abbott could do nothing but gasp. "For . . .for what?" he breathed.

"For these!" answered the little man, pointing to the wooden objects. You see, these time clock handles were put on sale *by mistake!* Now, all Washington's going crazy! Without time clock handles, the government can't get any work done. *Please* sell them back to us. You *must!*"

"I said I would," Costello grinned. "Lend me your pen, Abbott!"

As Bud Abbott weakly handed Costello his fountain pen, the barrel-shaped little guy grinned again. "Hey, Abbott," he said, "with this dough, I can *really* go into business! How'd you like to be my office boy?"

Abbott and Costello are at their hilarious best in the new Universal-International picture of the early west, "The Wistful Widow of Wagon Gap." Find out when it's coming to your local theatre, then make sure to see it.

PSS-ST! I'VE INVENTED A MOUSE TRAP. HAVE YOU A MOUSE ON YOU?
GOSH, NO! HOW DOES IT WORK?
I'VE GOT IT IN MY POCKET. COME OVER BEHIND THE TREE SO NO ONE CAN SEE US.
FIRST, YOU PUT A HUNK OF CHEESE INSIDE··· THEN YOU LOCK BOTH DOORS!
YOU GOTTA LET ME IN ON THIS!
A MOUSE COMES ALONG AND SMELLS THE CHEESE AND WONDERS WHERE IT IS.
SNIFF! SNIFF!
YES, YES, GO ON!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
THEN HE SEES THE CHEESE AND SNEAKS UP TO THE DOOR BUT ···THE DOOR IS LOCKED AND HE CAN'T GET IN···
OKAY, YOU BE THE MOUSE!
SSS-SH! SO HE SLIPS AROUND TO THE OTHER DOOR BUT···HE FINDS THAT ONE LOCKED TOO!
HE CAN'T GET THE CHEESE SO HE GETS MAD··· AND BEATS IT OFF TO THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR···
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